

The Sorrowful Lamentation of the Widdows of the West,

For the Death of their Deceased Husbands,

Wherein they declare their hearty sorrow that ever their Husbands was led away by fair words to this foul Rebellion. Together with their kind Advice to all people, to be Loyal to their Prince,

To the Tune of, Russels Farewel.

This may be Printed R. P.



Alas! we Widdows of the West
whose Husbands did Rebell,
Of Comfort we are dispossest,
our sorrows did excell:
Here for their Crimes they lost their lives
Rebellion was the cause,
And we confesse that was their wives,
they did oppose the Laws.

When Monmouth came ashore at Lime,
it was a fatal day,
To carry on that base Design,
which did their lives betray:
And many daily did presume
to come unto his aid,
Bridge-water, Taunton-Dean, and Frome,
the Nation to invade.



We said it was a horrid thing,
and pray'd them to forbear,
To take up Arms against their King,
who was the Lawful Heir:
Yet like distracted men they run,
to cast their lives away,
And we their Widdows are undone,
this is a dismal day.

Alas! We had no cause at all,
our Laws was still the same,
That we should to Confusion fall,
and many hundreds slain:
They knew not what they went about,
confusion did attend,
The Heavens would not bear them out,
since they did thus offend.

When Monmouth did the Land invade,
poor men was drawn aside,
To leave their bus'ness and their Trade
for which at length they dy'd:
'Tis true it was a just Reward,
because they did Rebell,
Against their Gracious Sovereign,
though We in sorrow dwell.

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Those Criminals that did oppose
our Lawful Government,
Did likewise prove our deadly foes,
and caus'd our Discontent:
For had they never come on shore,
we had been happy still,
Alas! we had no thoughts before,
of any kind of ill.

We might have liv'd in happy state,
in this our good Kings Reign,
But now, alas! it is too late,
to call them back again:
For they are sleeping in their Coze,
laid in their Beds of Clay,
Together with some hundreds more,
that thus was led astray.

Both youth and old, and rich and poor,
in multitudes they fell,
Let this a warning be therefore
let never none Rebell:
That our most Renowned King,
may have a happy Reign,
Then Subjects may rejoice and sing,
and never more Complain.